

# Factory

**B.G.**

What's Happenin Mayne?  
This Lil' B.G  
Your #1 Hot Boy  
and I got my Chopper City boys ridin with me  
You know what I'm saying  
and we bout to fuck the game up on some real nigga shit. Look

I'm official in any neck of the woods  
I could hop out on any step in any hood  
Niggaz know me and will come up and wanna fuck with me bad  
A click of niggaz with choppers in black with ski masks  
I'm a coach so I play the sideline  
Let Kizzle go and snipe at these niggaz that out of line  
I'm a hot boy, people know whats happening with me  
Took the chrome of all my whips and put 'em on factory  
I could do that, shit real round here  
Ask a nigga, all that stuntin get you killed round here  
Park the Benz, hop in the crown vict  
Behind a little more tenth, think I'm the law, I spin a little bit  
I just blend in with the rest of the traffic  
You don't know its me thats in the camoflaug caddy  
It's 2004, Chopper City in this bitch  
Fuckin the game up on some real nigga shit  
We still get our shine on, ya heard me

We on factory, We on factory  
We ain't got nothing to prove, We on factory  
We on factory, We on factory  
We took all the 22's, We on factory

Y'all hoes still gonna jock us cause we real  
Nigga What's Happenin

I'm a flosser, you know I be iced out  
Hot Kizzle, the hot boy with no slugs in my mouth  
I'm an ex-drug dealer, used to have drugs in my house  
Now I know how I'm livin with real thugs in my house  
If I ain't on chrome, your bitch still gonna jock me (Fa Real)  
Man I'm on fact and that nigga still gonna knock me  
You hate niggaz, y'all really need to stop it  
I'm young with bad nerves, I got the K in the closet  
My wrist worth 20, Neck worth 20  
Earrings worth 10, bitch the whip cost 100  
100 in the case, 17 in the glock  
Two million where I stay, 20 bricks on the block  
I'm a mary jane smoker, game soaker  
Frame thrower, A Uptown Lane Roaster  
A 100% real nigga, look me up and down  
Located in Chopper City, G'd Up in Soulja Town

Fuck pushing 10 whips, I spin in the wide track  
Bitches still get side-tracked  
Ain't got my ass out, ride class course, they pass out  
Been tossin brizzles with Gizzle before vehicle  
Actually factory got me with a whole faculty  
I got dubs but I thug and play hubcaps  
They love trap but don't need to tell

and the bullets sell and your body in hell  
and shot 'em villians and pulled off alot  
in big bodies, no ceilings, three wheelers  
thats how I'm peelin but I'm still the pigeon from runnin straight  
Low, Low, 4-Door, Something tinted up on factory  
I'm Lo Pro, foul, dicksuckers no longer be harassin me  
Niggaz actually trippin thinking a nigga  
Can't tell the difference between them adapter kits  
and the set of sprewells, man they slippin  
I'm on factory, with 20 stacks on me  
With 40 cal, I ain't worried bout nobody jacking me  
But people hacking me, they just be passing me  
I just got my package from the west right back to the east

Yeah, You pullin up at the light  
Your rims looking good  
You got them spinners  
But when your hoe asks you to take her out  
You can't even afford I-Hop  
You pullin up at the club  
Jumping out with brand new shirts on  
And she say gimme some money  
You can't even keep your phone on  
Nigga we on factory behind them old 10s  
with 20 stacks in our pocket nigga  
This Ziggler the Wiggler baby  
and we kicking the door open for some real niggaz  
You understand me, Guess what?  
All them real niggaz, you got a chance now baby  
and we out, oh boy